

# MAINE FARMER

## AND MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

WILLIAM NOYES,  
Publisher.

Saturday Morning,  
September 23, 1843.

PUBLISHED SIMULTANEOUSLY AT PORTLAND AND WINTHROP.

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

EZEKIEL HOLMES,  
FRANCIS O. J. SMITH, Editors.

New Series. Vol. II. No. 38.  
Whole No. 558.

### Maine Farmer and Mechanic's Advocate.

Is published every Saturday Morning, by  
WILLIAM NOYES,  
WINTHROP.

To whom all letters on business must be directed.  
TERMS.—\$2.00 per annum.—\$2.50 if payment is  
delayed beyond the year.

Advertisements inserted at the following rates—  
All less than a square \$1.00 for three insertions.  
\$1.25 per square, for three insertions. Continu-  
ed three weeks at one half of these rates.

Publishing Office, Portland, Middle Street, sign of  
the "Farmer."

Agriculture produces a patriot in the truest accepta-  
tion of the word.—Talleyrand



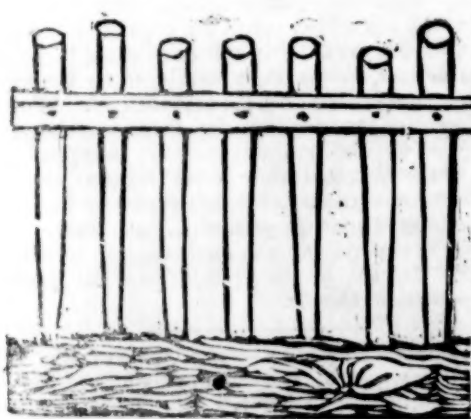
### MAINE FARMER.

#### Mr. Dexter's Fence.

We last week made a call upon Mr. Isaac Dexter, who lives in the North-west part of Wintthrop, and who is making great improvements upon a farm that has hitherto been much neglected, and considered, comparatively, of not great value. Mr. Dexter has erected a suite of new buildings, and is getting the old fields into a new dress. We were much pleased with a long line of fence which he has put up this summer, with materials which some would think more suitable for oven wood than for fencing. It consists of cedar stakes, cut five feet in length, sharpened, and driven into the ground one foot. The stakes are, say about three inches in diameter—some of them more and some less. Some of them are split from larger sticks, and some are round saplings. After these are driven down in the line wanted, a strip of board, an inch in thickness, and three inches wide, is nailed to them about one foot from the top. This steadies and strengthens them. One eightpenny, or tenpenny nail to each stake is sufficient. Mr. Dexter puts twenty-four stakes to a rod, and he says he can furnish thousands and thousands of them, delivered at his farm, for four and sixpence per hundred. Tenpenny nails will give seventy to the pound, so that the material is very cheap.

We do not know how many rods a man can make in a day, but at any rate, it must be a cheap fence for Mr. D. at least, who has the material, except the nails, growing on his farm, and it is a good one, and quite ornamental. There may be some question in regard to its durability.—Mr. D. says he has no doubt that it will last twenty years, especially if there is a considerable piece of the heart wood in each stake, for, although the sap will not last long, the heart wood is very durable, and he has actually known stakes to remain firm and good in the ground for twenty years.

Below we give a *Jackknife* sketch of the fence, so that those who have an opportunity to manufacture some may have a model to work by. It is not in very good proportion, but will serve to give an idea of it better than a mere description.



#### Fall Ploughing.

In our section of the country, where the spring season is comparatively short, and the farmer is much hurried, it would be good economy to plough as much as possible in the fall, in order to have more time for the farmer to attend to the work which must be done in the sowing and planting season of the year. But independent of these reasons, there are others which ought to induce farmers to turn the soil under in autumn as early as it can be done conveniently. There is more or less herbage upon the ground, which, if turned under, affords good manure as soon as it becomes decomposed. By being turned under in a green and succulent state, it undergoes the requisite decomposition, and is generally ready to be dissolved and taken up by the growing plant when needed. Another reason is this—there are always some plants which we call weeds, which if suffered to remain too long, will perfect their seeds and thus, when ploughed under, become planted and ready to be perpetuated in a succession of crops for years after, according as circumstances may occur suitable to bring them into action.

Our farms are not large enough, nor do we possess capital enough, even if the demand and the prices of produce warranted it, to warrant the expense of keeping a ploughman and a team devoted almost exclusively to that work, as they do in many parts of England. Hence the necessity of arranging work in such a manner as to plough whenever we can without interfering with other work more necessary to be done.

#### Iron Works.

We are very glad to hear from the correspondent of the Piscataquis Farmer, in answer to our query respecting the furnace erecting on Pleasant River.

Our readers will find an account of it on the inside. We heartily wish the enterprising proprietor all the success that he desires. If we can profitably smelt the ores of iron which are so abundant in our own territory, and we see no reason in the world why we cannot, a great drain of our money will be stopped, and a fertile resource to wealth opened among us.

Frost. We had a cold snap here last week. On the 11th and 12th, Jack Frost came out to see how the crops were. He wilted some of the potato tops and pumpkin vines, on low land—shook his powder-horn over a few fields of corn, but, after all, didn't do much damage. On the 15th we had a Southerly rain, since which it has been very warm.

Digging Potatoes. The season for digging potatoes is at hand. They ought to be permitted to remain as long as it will answer and not be soaked by the late cold rains which occur every fall. There will be a fair crop this year.

#### Competition between the "Great East" and the "Great West."

The facilities of communication between the great trading East, and the great agricultural West, are becoming great so rapidly, that the agriculturists of the East must be busy in devising ways and means of protecting themselves against the effects of industry and products of the West upon prices in our Eastern markets, or all hands will be obliged to "turn to" and move into the great West. We, however, are of the number who are not discouraged about the prosperity of our Eastern agriculturists, provided they exercise a suitable mixture of head and handwork, and not suppose that there are no improvements yet to be made in the business of farming. Is it not true, that not one sixth part of our soil is taxed for production, to fifty per cent. of its capacity? The whole reason why it is thus feeble in its donations to man, lies in the fact that it is not manured within fifty per cent. of its necessities. The earth is not ungrateful, nor unfaithful to its benefactor. But whoever gives it much, receives from it much in return. To enable us, however, to afford an increased quota of manure to our cultivated fields, it is important that all should studiously seek improved means for the manufacture of manure. In this lies the great art of successful husbandry.

But it was not to write an essay that we commenced this article. It was to call the attention of our agricultural friends to the increasingly cheap facilities which our brethren in the far West are acquiring for supplying our Eastern markets with their products. The freight bill from Albany to Boston, on the great Western Rail Road is established as follows:

In first class cars, through, \$7 per ton, or 3 1-2 cents per ton, per mile, for enumerated articles, and \$4 per ton, or 2 cents per ton per mile, for other articles in second class cars. And 20 per cent is deducted from these prices on quantities weighing over 6,000 lbs., if notice be given before hand, on certain shaped articles. Flour per barrel to Boston, 30 cents.

For live stock, from Greenbush to Brighton, \$8 per 2,000 lbs. Sheep and lambs are estimated at 100 lbs., and calves 125 lbs.

#### Agricultural Fairs.

The New Yorkers are to have a splendid State Agricultural Exhibition at Rochester the present month. Perhaps on no former occasion has reasonable expectation respecting their State Fair, ran higher. It will, indeed, be a treat, to all who can attend.

And what is being done in our own State? We have only county societies as yet. The time will come, we hope, when we, too, shall boast of a State Society, worthy of the patronage of a worthy State Legislature, (when we shall enjoy such a boon.) Under the meagre, stunted, clench-fist policy of the legislators of the present day, we must expect but little—perhaps nothing. When the agricultural interests of the State shall rise to the dignity of a freedom from the dominion of party trammels, we may raise our hopes and realize something of the blessings of a liberal and enlightened policy.

In Penobscot County, the annual exhibition will be on the 27th and 28th of September, at Bangor. Piscataquis County, on the 3d of October, at Foxcroft.

Kennebec Central, on the 4th and 5th of October, at Augusta.

Kennebec County, on the second Wednesday and Thursday (11th and 12th) of October, at Readfield.

Cumberland County, on the 17th of October, at Gorham.

Oxford County, on the 18th of October, at Paris Hill.

An easy rule for finding the right length of rafters for a building to work well and wear well, is as follows: Add to the aggregate width of your frame one quarter as much more; then half of this aggregate is the proper length of your rafters. In all instances this rule will prove satisfactory to good architectural proportions and taste.

Messrs. Editors.—I noticed in the Maine Farmer, a few weeks ago, some remarks upon grafting grape vines, and thought very favorably of it. The method of grafting superior stocks into inferior, I suppose would be too slow a process to produce many. It appears to me that they may be produced much faster, and as well, another way. Cut the scions, in the proper season, and, after the budding time shall be over, in the spring, engraft the scions into the root of any kind of wood, about the same size, and bring the earth up well around them. Let them grow in that way till new roots shoot, and then take them up and set them in a proper place for cultivation. In this way vines could be propagated very fast.

I would also suggest the propriety of making fences with vines. Set the vines about one foot apart, and incline every other one to the right and left, at 45 degrees, and weave them in, in basket fashion. They would need to be staked for a few years, till they should get stiff enough to stand. They would then probably make a more durable fence than any other material, and would yield a great profit in fruit. Vines are said to be bearing well, in some parts of Europe, which are known to be over fifteen hundred years old. PHLO.

Portland, Sept. 8, 1843.

#### Orcharding Season, &c.

Messrs. Editors.—I am safe in saying that the largest number of orchards are too much neglected, for profit to the owners, by suffering sprouts at the roots, moss, dead limbs, and caterpillars, &c., in the tops, and many of them standing in old worn out mowing. The result is, the apples are few and small. Now these dull days, (August 20) is a good time to cut away the sprouts, dead limbs, &c. A broad hoe is a good thing to scrape off the moss and rough bark. A grub hoe is a good tool to dig up the moss and grass at the roots. With the addition of a little manure, and when the weather becomes fair, take unslaked lime, add boiling water till it is suitable for white wash, add about one gill of salt to six quarts of the liquor, and with a brush whitewash the trees as high as convenient—they will appear as much better as a curried and brushed down horse does from a dirty one, besides the horse and tree will both be benefited.

I consider, if the land will admit ploughing, avoid cutting the roots within four feet of the trees. Manure, say once in ten years, if it is used for mowing, and no manure is added to balance what is taken from the soil, is a benefit.

I think pasturing with hogs, sheep, calves, or any other creature that will not damage the trees, is good in many cases. I have seen to my satisfaction the benefit of the above operation, that the trees doubled in quantity, besides much better quality of apples, the third year.

We shall not have so great a crop of apples in this section as last year; neither is it common for fruit trees generally to bear full, often more than every other year. In 1841 there was quite an inferior crop to last year, and I think inferior to the present year.

As for the season, it was about twenty-five days later than last year for ploughing, sowing, planting, &c., owing to the great depth of snow the winter past. Very soon after the snow was gone, grass took a rapid growth and yielded a heavy crop. Oats, generally, good and fair. Wheat, generally, light, but much better than anticipated the first part of the season. Corn and potatoes are backward, and some were hurt by the sharp drouth the first part of August. Some considered this an evil. Was not this the means of having more tons of hay secured in barns than the drouth damaged bushels of corn? Since the 10th day of August, we have had a plenty of rain and warm weather, which has given corn and potatoes a rapid growth. I think, in many fields, they will suffer more by weeds than they will by drouth or wet.

Many are complaining of the depredations on our onions made by a small maggot, but say nothing about the striped bug that destroyed our vines a few years ago, which have entirely left us.

J. WHITMAN.

North Turner, Aug. 20, 1843.

#### The American Poultry Book.

By Micajah R. Cook, has been published by the Harpers, of New York. It is a small volume, containing all sorts of information about all sorts of fowls; the manner of breeding, rearing, killing, and—were we going to say cooking them, but that belongs to another department of literature. It tells about the danger from cats, and the formation of the gizzard; the way to make chicken coops, and the value of clam shells. Altogether, it is not only an instructive, but an amusing book.

The author says in his introduction, that the importance of poultry as a branch of rural economy, is little appreciated or understood; and that scarcely anything pays the farmer a better profit. We wish our farmers generally would take note of this, and believe it; the consequence might be, that more of them would become competitors in the market, and we should thus, before long, be able to buy chickens at a reasonable price.

It will probably surprise the readers of the Courier to learn that the poultry trade of this country amounts to not less than twelve millions of dollars a year, and that the value of the poultry of the State of New York, in 1842, was \$2,375,023, which is more than the value of all the swine in that State, nearly equal to half the value of the sheep, the entire value of its neat cattle, and very nearly five times greater than the value of all its horses and mules.

According to the author of this volume, whose name the reader will recollect is Cook, the original stock of species from which our common cock is derived is unknown. Of course, he cannot trace his own pedigree beyond Adam. He says that it is very doubtful whether America contains any species from which our common cock can have been derived, and that hitherto, all the known species are natives of Asia.

Among experienced marketmen, the preference is given to yellow legged fowls, which differ in no remarkable degree in flavor from any other, but they appear handsomer when dressed. Mr. Cook objects to large fowls, because they consume a greater quantity of food and do not fatten well. This is certainly a good objection. He says that the propriety of confining poultry within an enclosure has often been questioned, but he says nothing of the objections made by one's neighbors to having the poultry run at large.

Nothing, says he, is done more slovenly and out-of-elbows look, than to see fowls ranging about a farm house, roosting upon carriages and harness, intruding into and defiling the kitchen, and even the parlor, dipping into the swill-tub, scratching up the garden, and committing other abominations; and in this it is probable the general reader will agree with him.

Fowls, like men, prefer pure water to that from stagnant pools, and thrive better on it than they do on that from stagnant pools. We learn from this book that as there is reason in roasting eggs, so, undoubtedly, there is reason in gathering them, and

that in summer they should be gathered early in the morning—in winter just before the fowls go to roost, and always in a quiet manner.

The author alludes to the uses of eggs in medicine, in the arts, and in cooking; and says that in order to keep them for any length of time it is only necessary that they should be preserved in a cool place, and not allowed to *transpire*. One chapter is devoted to the subject of incubation, and much valuable information is given to the reader concerning the appearance of the egg, the conduct of the hen, and the proper treatment to be observed during this interesting process. There is also a long account of the Egyptian and French method of artificial hatching.

The chapters respecting the first food of chickens, the raising of coops, &c. is valuable and the next chapter, which refers to the process of fattening, contains considerable information. It appears that for chickens, as well as for children, hasty pudding is good, particularly when cold; next morning after it is made, it is cut into thin slices and fried in lard, and then thickly powdered with cheap brown sugar, or covered with molasses. Animal food is also highly necessary for chickens, and, when given in small quantities, aids very much the process of fattening.

Chapter 10 of the book contains a notice of the diseases to which fowls are heir to, and certain remedies, with a description of the proper manner of administering a wing. The most important portion of the book, however, to housekeepers who are not hen keepers, is the following extract from chapter 11:—

"We conclude this part of our subject by a few brief hints to those who purchase poultry in the markets. When fowls are exposed for sale with their legs cut off, it may be presumed that they are old and adapted only for broth. Some judgement of the age of fowls may be formed by the appearance of the legs and feet; in aged fowls these are rough and stiff, and the toes stout and worn; the skin on the body is also coarse and rough; but in regard to this circumstance there is a great difference even among fowls of the same age. Yellow-legged fowls have a smooth skin. In young fowls, the lower part of the breast bone is soft and bend easily, and the skin under the wings yields readily to the pressure of the fingers. In young geese and ducks, the webs of the toes are very thin, and almost transparent, and the skin may be ripped up with a pin. These hints are worth attending to, for the marketmen are often in the habit of putting up an old and a young one in the same pair, and you may have on your table a venerable, tough old chancier side by side with his descendant in the eighth or ninth generation."

Chapter 12 relates to the Duck, of which forty-five species are found in America and Europe, and only three have been domesticated. The duck is rather warlike, and awkward and clumsy as he appears, the author says he is more than a match for the stoutest cock in the poultry yard. The Goose, which is treated of in the next chapter, is a quiet, inoffensive bird, and lives to a great age—if he is not killed. There are several varieties of geese to the effect that they live to be seventy or eighty years old. The practice of plucking live geese for the purpose of obtaining feathers, is considered barbarous, and Mr. Cook recommends cutting them off with a pair of scissors. This is certainly a refinement in cruelty.

The Turkey is set down as one of the noblest of the feathered tribe which has been made subservient to mankind, and is a native of this country, and its only natural enemy is the crow. The author says that young turkeys are very delicate, and we doubt not that most Yankees will agree with him—particularly if he refers to cooked turkeys. Turkeys also like Indian meal, eggs and milk turned to curds. We are not informed whether they like apple dumplings, tomatoes and custards.

The last chapter is devoted to Poultry, which are merely ornamental; Guinea Fowl, which are of little worth; Pigeons and Pheasants. Pigeons were considered by Cobbett to be unprofitable, and if he ever attempted to dine off of a dish of them, he must have had his patience tried before his appetite was satisfied. (Boston Courier.)

#### Improved Picket Fence.

Messrs. GAYLORD & TURNER—I am constructing a picket fence this year, on a somewhat new plan; and as I have never seen or heard of any just like it, I will forward you a brief description of it. It differs from the common fence only in the position of the rails, which are sawed three inches square and sixteen feet in length, supported by their posts, and the lower rail halved into the post, and the upper one halved on the top, so that the pickets, instead of being nailed on the flat side of the rail, are nailed on to the quadrilateral corner, and of course one corner of the rail points directly towards the zenith, and the opposite corner towards the nadir. The posts should be cased, in order to preserve the ends of the rails from decaying.

Fence constructed in this way, is more durable than that built in any other way; and the reasons for the fact are obvious. And first, when pickets are nailed on the flat side of the rail, the junction is not sufficiently close to seal the rain; but by the contrary, acts as a reservoir, which means the picket and rail are kept wet, and of course decay will soon ensue; whereas when nailed on the corner, there is but a mere point of surface between the picket and rail, which will quickly dry out. Secondly, the surface of junction is so small, that paint, when applied, covers so much of the surface, that the oil will spread from each side and unite in the pores of the wood, and thus render it impervious to water, if the paint does not cover the entire surface; and thus the picket is kept sound in every part. Thirdly, water immediately runs from the rails, and the powerful heat of the sun, by which they are checked, loses a vast deal of its influence by reflection; whereas when the beams pour almost perpendicularly on the flat surface, but few are reflected, and furthermore the whole surface of the rail can be covered with paint.

The rails should be driven just below the quadrilateral corner, through the picket, so that they will not be so much exposed to the action of the aqueous vapor of the atmosphere and the rain. After the pickets are nailed on, a ribbon one inch and a half square is nailed with double tenpenny nails, on the opposite side of the pickets, from the rails, into the rails.

The same position of the ribbon must be observed as of the rails. This not only adds to the beauty of the fence, but it holds each picket more firmly in its place, and prevents them from being knocked off by any little rap.

I will also give you a description of a post for board fence, which makes the most substantial, and I think, the cheapest fence, when we are at the expense of getting the posts sawed at the saw mill. The posts for such board fence, should be sawed four inches square, in the centre of which there should be a place sawed one inch in thickness, to be taken out with an auger and chisel as far down as the surface of the ground. If it is desirable to have the ends of the boards pass each other, a piece of two inches in thickness should be taken out.

After the posts are set, the bottom boards are put in their place, and pinned firmly by boring an inch

hole through the post and boards, and driving in a white oak pin. The upper boards are treated in the same manner.

Such fence is far preferable in low ground, where the posts are thrown up by the frost, to fence made by driving the posts and nailing the boards; because, in the first place, a post which is set in the ground, will remain more firmly, and a longer period of time, in its proper position—is not so liable to be heaved up by the action of the frost, as one which is sharpened and drove; and secondly, some part of the fence is raised farther than the other; consequently, the rails break and the boards fall to the ground; whereas when they are pinned at each end, if one post is lifted a little higher than the other, the boards turn on the pins, and still remain firm.

Posts driven in dry ground, may stand as well as if they were set; but in all cases, I prefer the latter mode.

When posts are split for fence, I hew them after setting; and on the opposite side of the board, from the post, set a ribbon one inch and a half thick, through which the pins are driven into the post. This is nearly as good as the whole post, but does not make so solid a fence.

S. E. TOWN.

Laurens, N. Y. [Albany Cultivator.]

#### Suckering Corn.

Below we give a communication upon this subject, from a correspondent who chooses to assume the signature of "L. S. S." that he may do good in behalf of agriculture without being known; but we will here tell him, that his writings have about them too legible an ear-mark—have too much of the true spirit of genius on their face—for him to conceal himself, under any form of incognito he may assume, from any one accustomed to read the pages of the agricultural works of our country. We commend his present essay to our readers, and while we invoke him not to suffer his communications to be so angelic in their visitations, we would respectfully suggest, that he should lend the force of his name to whatever he may write. Shakespeare says that "that which we call a rose will smell as sweet by any other name;" now in the gross, is true, but there is that in the former associations of our correspondent with the agriculturists of the country, which would impart more weight to his real than to his anonymous cognomen, as there is that about it which has identified it with that impulsive energy now abroad in our land, which, we trust, is destined to work out its redemption from the thimble of those prejudices of an ancient culture, that have heretofore repressed the spirit of improvement. [American Farmer.]

#### SUCKERING CORN.

I was glad to find in your last, some observations on the effect of suckering corn; but it is not strange, that at this time of day, a matter which one would suppose could be so easily settled by experiment, and which is one of those obvious importance, should yet remain a question? For myself I confess that, from reflection, and some little observation, I am inclined to side with an anti-suckering faction—but thank God in this case, as in most others, which either have not been or are not capable of being demonstrated, I do not adhere to my faction, for the time being, with that obstinate tenacity which blinds partizans in religion and politics to the light of truth—I felicitate myself on being either above or below the influence of that vanity or prejudice, which, with some, make it as painful to part with an opinion as to part with a friend. We have sometimes happened to disagree, I have really drawn amusement from observing the vexation of some men, "wise in their own conceit" whose theories in agriculture, politics or religion, however paradoxical or absurd, I have refused to contest, on the ground that life is too short, and the sources of unavoidable vexation and trouble too many, to devote even a passing moment to dispute with men of a certain genius, who, as Talleyrand said of the Bourbons, forget nothing and learn nothing—when such men, and you must of some such not an hundred miles from the Monumental city, say, "Sir, it's a cloud!" I make it a rule to say, "it's very like a cloud"—if they say it's a weazel, I lose no time in agreeing that truly, a weazel it must be!

By the bye, Mr. Editor, there is nothing better calculated to excite our surprise, not to say disgust, than to see writers on agricultural questions, betraying ill humor and testiness, at having their theories brought into question. To me there appears to be something in the very nature of the study and the pursuit, which opens a field for argument without excitement—one where, if any where, there may be friction without heat; and he who cannot enter that arena, to listen without resentment, and speak without ill humor, should be left to soliloquize. But, without knowing what has provoked me, I have wandered from my subject, which was merely to express my concurrence, for the once, in the opinion of Mr. Richardson, as to the inexpediency of suckering corn; but I have some doubts as to the soundness of his reasons, especially as applicable to corn in the Middle and Southern States. My apprehension is, that the injury results, as has been supposed, by the violent disruption of the sucker, at a vital part of the main plant. I feel satisfied that I saw a "cut" of corn destroyed this year by tearing from it a great number of large suckers, at the commencement of a dry spell. The effect has been, not merely to diminish the ear, and prevent it from perfectly the development of its grain, (for into that I did not examine,) but it turned it into a stalk throughout that cut, and I concluded of course without examination, that the yield of grain must be greatly diminished—with us, however, these suckers would not generally have tumbled out high enough if at all to sprinkle their pollen on the silk of the main stalk.

Very dissimilar indeed is this plant, and the culture of it, where Mr. Richardson resides in Massachusetts, from the corn we grow in the region where your patronage may be supposed chiefly to reside in the Middle and Southern States. It is one of the many cases which go to prove the great influence of soil and climate on vegetable physiology. There they plant one might almost say, a handful of corn in a hill. To look at a field of it, a Southern planter would take the whole field to be suckers. It grows not higher than 4 or 5 feet, and it would seem to be as easy to pass through a field of wheat without breaking it down, as to pass without doing damage in like manner through a field of "New England" corn. It may be deemed probable that there, the suckers maintain a close contest in their growth with the main stalk, and that the pollen from their tassels may assist in the work of impregnation. Not so, I think, in our State—but as I before said, it may be accounted surprising, that there should be no end to inquiry and discussion on this and so many other points, so susceptible to all appearance, of being determined by actual and careful observation, especially when there are at work among us, such zealous and scientific experimentalists as Doctor Mearns; and such schoolmasters abroad as the Carmichael and the Goldbroughs. In corroboration of what I have asserted

as to the effect of difference of soil, even within districts in which the climate cannot be supposed to vary much, let me quote you a letter from one of the fathers of the revolution—one who deserves to possess the long sought for *dixie vita*, with its power of imparting perpetual life and vigor; one who, in a word, deserves to live forever, were it only because he sets us, in his old age, a noble example of patriotism and disinterestedness, by continuing to plant timber and fruit trees, and to cultivate flowers, as if he were in truth to survive the "wreck of matter and the crash of worlds." You will know that I allude to the venerable T. M. Foreman, of Rose Hill, who once wrote me:—

"It is a fact indisputable that the apple (and no doubt other fruits) which may be most valuable in one district is good for but little in another. The red streak so highly esteemed in the neighborhood of Baltimore, both for cider and keeping is with me (on the Sasasras in Kent county, Md.) a most worthless fruit. I have two fine healthy trees which produce abundantly their beautiful fruit, yet I have never been able to make a gallon of cider from them, or to keep an apple till the last of November. It is the same with the Cataline and Maiden's Blush, they produce well but not immediately. On the other hand, my Newton pippins are nearly double the size, keep equally well, and are thought to be much higher flavored, than the rippin grown upon Long Island, where it originated."

On the whole, as at present advised, and with my limited opportunities of practical observation, I should say that our corn had better be left, not suckered, being persuaded that any diminution in the quantity of grain, which may result from the nourishment which the suckers draw from the field, and which might otherwise go to the support of the main plant, would be more than compensated for by the increased quantity of grain, borne by the suckers, small as that might be, by the increased quantity of fodder, and by the avoidance of the injury to the main plant to be expected by the violence done to it in the act of tearing off the suckers. At all events, if the suckers are removed, it ought to be done when they are very small.

The removal of suckers from tobacco, operates on a different principle. There the object is the size of the leaf in which, and on their number, the value of the plant consists—hence the necessity of "topping" and "suckering" to enlarge and thicken the leaves.

P. S. Few things are more remarkable than the slowness with which the knowledge of improvements in agricultural machinery makes its way through every country. There is not a word in recommendation of the plough of Prouty & Mearns, emphatic as that recommendation is, in your last paper, that has not been proclaimed of it years ago; as well by the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, the best if not the oldest in the United States, as by individuals. For myself, I have long considered and pronounced it, for what my opinion may be worth, as decidedly the best plough that has yet been offered to the American public—I mean that class of ploughs for two or more horses. For seedling ploughs, and ploughs for corn and tobacco, no one in Maryland need go past my old friend Cheswell. U. S.

#### Cattle Shows.

The shows of stock, produce and manufactured articles, are about to be held. The farmer's time and money, is close at hand. The influence of cattle shows and their attendant circumstances cannot well be measured and defined; but we are all persuaded that the tendencies are good. At these shows, the farmer's zeal in his own proper calling is increased—he there sees and hears things that enlighten his mind and stimulate him to exertion. There he sees good animals, and has an opportunity to learn something as to the qualities of good animals. He sees what skill can do at the plow—what task he can do in training the team. Before him are specimens of the largest, and sometimes of the best productions of the soil. There the dairy shows its best productions—generally good, but sometimes sickeningly pale and streaked. But even then one has a fine opportunity to mark the difference between the good and the bad.

A survey of the whole exhibition will either give instruction or enkindle the desire to be a better farmer—or it will do both. Such will be the effects upon many, very many minds. The young especially, will be excited and animated, and induced to form resolves to become more skillful in husbandry. The deeper general interest in farming which the present times witness, than was felt a generation ago, owes its existence, in part, at least, to these cattle shows. We deem them instruments of good.

But they, like all other means of good, may be accompanied by some evil. We have thought that allowing men to compete on the plowing field, and requiring the work to be no more than five inches in depth, as has often been done in the case of single teams, tended to introduce or rather to perpetuate among us a habit of more shallow plowing than good husbandry requires.

We have thought too that the premiums are often awarded for animals for their size rather than for excellence of form; and that the overgrown vegetable and fruits are more frequently exhibited than fair specimens of the produce of a field or garden. Such faults, if faults they be, are far from sufficient to outweigh the good; but yet if these and some other matters of no greater importance, could be remedied, we at least, should like the effects of cattle shows still better than we now do.—New England Farmer.

#### Cookery—Household Affairs.

We perceive by a late number of the Michigan Farmer, that a portion of that paper is under the charge of an "experienced housewife" and is to be devoted to domestic affairs. We consider this an admirable arrangement, and although we have no such assistance in the editorial department, we shall nevertheless, be happy to encourage improvement in domestic affairs. We therefore suggest to our female readers, the propriety of communicating such information as will mutually assist each other in the discharge of the various duties of house-keeping. Why should not the ladies contribute for agricultural papers as well as gentlemen? We have more than half a promise from several of our friends. Whose name shall we record first?

We copy the following from the paper alluded to above, and if any one has a better method, let it be forthcoming. We have tried the Johnny Cake, and do not hesitate to pronounce it excellent.

[Central New-York Farmer.]

Milk Emplings Bread. Take one cup of new milk and two cups of boiling water; stir in flour to the consistency of stirred cake. Keep your emplings as warm as possible, without scalding. Mix your bread as soon as the emplings are sufficiently raised, and set your bread in a warm place till it is ready for the oven; bake one hour. Remember that it is very essential that you keep both emplings and bread warm.

Hop Emplings Bread. Take about half a pint of good light yeast, and one quart of lukewarm water, add flour to the consistency of pan-cake batter; let it stand about an hour in a warm place

if your family is small you will need no other wetting. Mix your bread, raise and bake it as above. If your yeast is sour add a little saleratus when you mix your bread—not till then.

**Another Rule.**—To three pints of warm new milk add one teaspoonful of good yeast. Stir it in the middle of your pan of flour; let it stand in a warm place over night; mix and bake as above.

**Johnny Cake.**—Take two cups of milk, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one tablespoonful of butter, one of oil, and one of molasses; stir it thick with Indian meal, and one fourth flour and the rest Indian meal—bake one hour.

**TO MAKE YEAST.**—Two middling sized boiled potatoes add a pint of boiling water and two tablespoonful of brown sugar. One pint of hot water should be applied to every half pint of the compound. Hot water is better in warm weather. This yeast being made without flour will keep longer, and is said to be much better than any previously in use.

**SOUP SAUCE.**—An excellent sauce for boiled puddings is made as follows: Take two cups of molasses, one of water, half a cup of strong vinegar, and a piece of butter as large as an egg—simmer them together and add a little thickening or not, as it suits your taste.

## MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

An intelligent class can scarce ever be a class, vicious, never, as a class, indolent. \* \* \* The new world of ideas; the new views of the relations of things; the astonishing secrets of the physical properties and mechanical powers disclosed to the well informed mind present attractions, which unless the character is deeply sunk, are sufficient to counterbalance the taste for frivolous or corrupt pleasures.—Everett.

### On Iron and Steel. No. 4.

BY THOMAS GILL.

**On the use of chilled cast-iron for Punches and other tools.**—It is well known, that in making tools in red hot iron articles, such for instance as wheel-tire, horse-shoes, &c., the hardened and tempered steel punches become softened, from the effect of the heat; and, changing their shape, must be repaired from time to time.

Mr. Peter Keir, engineer, of St. Pancras, several years since, having occasion to make many nail-holes, in the wheel-tire of artillery carriages, and horse-shoes; and having experienced the above inconvenience in a very great degree, luckily thought of substituting punches made of chilled cast-iron, for those of steel, and which he found fully to answer the purpose, as they constantly retained their original hardness, notwithstanding they very frequently became red-hot in use.

As, however, chilled cast-iron is not sufficiently tough to bear bending, without breaking, he found it necessary to strengthen his punches, by surrounding and inclosing their stems in cast-iron holes, made of shapes corresponding with the stems, in properly shaped supports, and having their points only standing out a sufficient length for use.

**On forming Cutlery-Tools of Cast-steel, as hard and tough as possible.**—It is well known that the proper hardening heat for cast-steel, is exceedingly difficult to be attained, and that a very little excess of heat is sufficient to deprive it of its most valuable properties; hence, in order to obtain the edges or points of steel instruments, of the greatest degree of strength for important purposes; such, for instance, as the edges of knives for dividing mathematical instruments,—Mr. Stancliffe, an excellent maker of those instruments, and formerly a workman of the late celebrated Mr. Ramsden's, adopted the following most excellent method:

After shaping the tool, and condensing it by hammering, he carefully heated the point, and quenched it: he then, with the edge of a file, made trial, by filing along from the soft and unhardened part, to that part of it where it became hard; and formed his cutting part, or edge, by grinding and whetting that part to shape. He was thus assured of the quality of his tool being the best that the steel he employed could possibly produce; nor did it require tempering, as usual.

It is to be hoped, that this valuable process, now for the first time published, will be adopted, wherever tools, possessing all the advantages, in point of hardness and strength, which steel can give them, are required.

**On hardening articles made of Steel Wire, without bending them.**—This valuable process was employed by the late Mr. Rehe, of Shoelane, a most ingenious mechanic, in the following manner. The articles having previously been carefully heated to the proper degree, instead of cooling them in water, Mr. Rehe threw them upon the flat surface of a fixed block of cast-iron, and instantly rolled them round, by sliding another flat plate of iron over them; and thus, by this revolving motion, he kept them perfectly straight, in the act of being cooled and hardened, between the metal plate, and the block.

**On an improved method of softening or annealing Cast-Steel.**—It is very singular, that cast-steel should be softened by the very same means which are ordinarily employed to harden it; and yet such is the fact.

We have constantly seen, that those parts of the stems of drills, which immediately adjoin to the hardened points, are found to twist much more than any other parts; and also, that those parts of chisels, punches, &c. which are next to their hardened edges or points, are exceedingly liable to bend, unless they have been made much stronger than would otherwise have been requisite. Yet notwithstanding that these facts were continually presenting themselves to notice, it does not appear that any use has been made of them, by workmen in general.

Some judicious persons, however, have availed themselves of this singular property, and with great advantage; as by it, they are enabled not only to anneal cast-steel, but much less time than by any other method, but also to free it entirely from those hard spots, usually termed *pins*, which occasion so much trouble to workmen, in filing or turning it.

The process consists in carefully heating the steel, nearly to the hardening point, and instantly quenching or cooling it in water; and the nearer that heat approaches the hardening point, the softer the steel will become.

Cast-steel articles ought always to be thus annealed, previously to planishing them, or condensing them by hammer-hardening; and it is wonderful how much they will stretch under the hammer, after being so treated.

**On welding Cast-Steel and Cast-Iron.**—We here furnish our readers with extracts from an article published by us in the "Annals of Philosophy" in March, 1818; but which, we think, ought also to accompany the other articles "On Iron and Steel," contained in this work.

We first noticed the difficulty of welding the higher converted cast-steel to iron; and stated, that the public were indebted to Sir Thomas Frankland, for the first accurate information on the means of performing it; namely, by heating the iron to a welding heat, and the steel as hot as it would safely bear, when, by dexterous management, the union might be effected, without much injury to the steel.

We then stated our surprise, at the information we had recently obtained, from the late scientific Mr. Samuel Varley, of a smith, in the neighborhood of Chevening, in Kent, being in the frequent habit of welding pieces of cast-steel together, without injury to them; and in this way could unite two worn out mill-wrights' picks, into a new and serviceable one; and that in order to prove the value of his process, he, Mr. Varley, had broken a bar of superior cast-steel into two parts; and caused the smith to unite them again; and which was done, without injuring the quality of the steel, in the least degree.

We next added, that having mentioned the latter process to many persons of information—to most of whom it was a new fact—we learned from that scientific mechanic, Mr. Charles Sylvester, late of Derby, that he had frequently performed it, and even with greater ease than he could weld iron, as the welding heat of cast-steel is considerably below that of iron; and that the chief cause of failure in attempting to do it, was, by persons heating it too much, conceiving that it required to be treated like iron, whereby it had been totally destroyed. That it, however, required a different flux from iron, to prevent its oxidation, to which it is extremely liable; and that the welding sand used for iron, was totally unfit for this purpose. He preferred finely powdered glass of borax, or the greenish-black glass, of which common bottles are made; which consists of sand and alkali only, having no lead in it, as in flint glass; and he thought, that if it were to be fused, with an additional portion of alkali, it would be still better.

We also found, that Mr. George Scott, another ingenious mechanic had employed the process for three years past; and a few days since, had thus united four cylindrical rods of cast-steel, each four feet long, and about a half an inch in diameter, after being truly turned in the lathe, into one of sixteen feet long, in order to form a triblet for drawing lead pipes upon.

But, what was yet more singular, in the course of our inquiry, we were informed by Mr. Jonathan Dickson, engineer, of Holland Street, Blackfriars, that two bars of cast-iron might thus be united, their ends being previously enclosed in a wrought-iron tube, and heated to a proper degree; the tube serving as a mould, to prevent the fused cast-iron from falling asunder during the operation.

We then mentioned, that in order to promote the success of welding cast-steel, we would recommend the employment of a charcoal fire; and that the pieces, after being formed of a proper shape for uniting, should have the surfaces intended to be joined, filed bright, be coated with borax, and be bound together firmly by bands, hoops, &c. previously to their being put into the fire; or else, that as soon as they were heated sufficiently, to fuse the glass of borax or bottle-glass, they might be coated therewith on their outside, either by dipping them into those substances powdered, or by sprinkling them over them; and that no more heat than was absolutely necessary to effect the union, should be employed, and thus the properties of the steel would be as little injured, as possible, by the process.

We concluded, by adding, that it was no unimportant practice amongst country smiths, to unite cast-iron to wrought-iron, in place of using steel, and particularly for the coulters and shares of ploughs, on account of its cheapness; and that for such coarse purposes it might answer tolerably well.

### Iron.

We understand there is a company erecting a furnace for smelting iron, on Pleasant River, in Piscataquis County, and that there is an abundance of first rate ore close by it. How is it, Bro. Edes? Give us the particulars. [Maine Farmer.]

We were about preparing an answer to the above, when we received the following communication from our old friend, the Major, who lives close by, and knows all about it. [Piscataquis Farmer.]

**Mr. Edes.**—I noticed an article in the Maine Farmer of the 2d instant, requesting you to give the particulars in relation to the erection of a furnace for smelting iron on Pleasant River. Living in the vicinity of the place where the works are being erected for the manufacture of iron, on Pleasant River, I have taken the liberty to answer the inquiries of the editor of the Maine Farmer through the columns of your paper.

The location of an extensive and rich bed of iron has long been known near the outlet of Thomas' Pond, on the west branch of Pleasant River, about 12 miles north of Brownville village. The bed of ore is said to be inexhaustible, and is within one or two hundred rods of the falls, at or near the outlet of the pond.

Edward Smith, Esq. of Bangor, commenced the erection of a dam across the river at that place, and also the erection of suitable buildings for the manufacture of iron last spring—he has completed the dam, has erected a building 30 feet wide by 90 feet long; other works are in such a progressive state that Mr. Smith assures us that within a very short time we shall have the pleasure of seeing iron transported from Pleasant River to Bangor.

There is not a place perhaps in New England, where iron can be made at less expense;—there is a large tract of land, many thousand acres, in the immediate vicinity, on which the original growth was destroyed forty or fifty years ago; it is now covered with a "second growth" of a suitable size and quality for coals, and as a great portion of the land is entirely worthless for the purposes of cultivation, it is obvious that the cost of coals, will be no more than the expense of burning. The difference in the cost of coals at Pleasant River and Massachusetts where iron has been made for many years, will more than pay the transportation of iron from the former place to Bangor.

If people can make it profitable to smelt iron in Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont, I see no reason why it will not be profitable here, where ore, coals, lime and

every article wanted to carry on the business can be obtained on the spot, and at the lowest rate. P. P. FURBER.

Milo, Sept. 12, 1843.

### Philosophy in Sport.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER I.

'I suppose that you thus obtain more force from the wind.'

'Certainly; action and reaction are equal. By running, therefore, with your kite against the wind, you strike the air, and thus produce a reaction, which is equal to the force of the blow given to it. When the wind is high; and its action is not intercepted by surrounding objects, there cannot exist any necessity for such an expedient.'

'The principle is the same as that which enables the bird to rise into the air by flapping its wings,' observed the vicar.

'Unquestionably,' replied Mr. Seymour. 'Does the kite then rise in the air, from the same causes that enable a bird to fly?' asked Tom.

'We are not, at present, considering the ascent of the kite, but the advantage which is obtained by running with it; this latter, as the vicar has properly observed, undoubtedly depends upon the same principle as that which enables the bird to rise by the motion of its wings, and which constitutes the third law of motion, viz: that action and reaction are equal; that is to say, whenever one body exerts a force upon another, the second body opposes the first, with equal force, in an opposite direction. If, then, the bird strikes the air below it with a force which is equal to its weight, then must there be a reaction of the air, upwards, exactly equal to it; and the bird, being acted upon by two equal forces, in opposite directions, will, necessarily, rest between them.'

'That is clear enough; but the bird rises,' answered Tom.

'Because the force of the stroke is greater than the weight of the bird, and it therefore rises with the difference of these two forces: were the stroke less than its weight, then would it sink with the difference. Suppose, for example, a bird weighs twelve ounces, and it strikes the air with a force equal to sixteen, is it not clear that it must rise with a force equal to four? and if it is equal only to eight, that it must sink with a force equal to four?'

'I understand it perfectly; flying appears to be a very simple process; it would, surely, be an easy matter to contrive some sort of flapper, by which we might all be able to rise into the air,' said Tom.

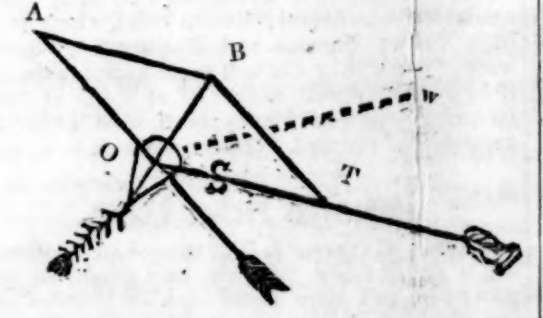
'Your opinion, my dear boy, is by no means singular; hundreds have entertained the same belief before you; and so confident was the famous Bishop Wilkins, that he declared it to be his conviction, that, in future ages, it will be as usual to hear a man call for his wings, as it is now to call for his boots.'

'I do not see the difficulty,' exclaimed Tom.

'The weight of our bodies is so great, that we have not sufficient muscular strength to impart a blow to the air that shall be equal to it. Now are you satisfied?' said his father.

'I am perfectly satisfied, if such be the case, that we can never fly.'

'Let us then return to the subject of the kite; for as yet, we have merely considered the effect of increasing the wind upon its surface; we have next to inquire how the wind operates in raising it into the air.—Do you not remember, when I adjusted the noose in the belly-band, I stated that much depended upon this part of the apparatus? You will, at once perceive that it will influence the angle which the kite forms with the earth, and I am about to prove to you, that the theory of the kite's ascent is materially connected with the value of this angle; but, in order to render my explanation intelligible, I have prepared a diagram, to which I am desirous of directing your attention.'



'The kite here appears in the act of rising from the ground; the line w will represent the direction of the wind blowing upon it, all the currents of which we will suppose united in one; it is evident from what has been already stated, that as it falls upon an oblique surface, it will be resolved into two forces, viz into one parallel with it, and into another perpendicular to that surface; of which the force represented by the line v will alone produce any effect, carrying the kite along the line o a, or in a direction parallel to itself; and you must have observed that this was the direction in which the kite was impelled, when you suffered it to rise, without checking its progress by the string.'

'I remember that well,' said Tom; 'and I also observed that, when I pulled my string, the kite rose more perpendicularly.'

'To be sure it did; because, by that operation, you called a new force into action; which I have represented in the diagram by the line s r. The kite was therefore under the influence of the two forces o a and s r, and, since these are in the direction of the two sides of a parallelogram, it would not obey either, but ascend through o n, its diagonal.'

'Notwithstanding Mr. Twaddleton's doubts upon the subject,' said Tom, 'I am sure that I perfectly understand your explanation; and I think I may also answer for my sister; but you have not yet told us any thing about the tail; I suppose, however, that it acts like the rudder of a ship or the tail of a bird.'

'Before I answer that question, let me inform you that the tail of a bird has not the least resemblance, in its actions or uses, to the rudder of a ship.'

'I always thought,' said Tom, with some surprise, 'that the bird was enabled to direct the course of its flight by the motion of its tail.'

'That is a popular, but very erroneous opinion,' replied his father: 'the tail cannot perform the office of a rudder since it never changes its situation with the direction of the bird, as the rudder does with that of the ship. Its principal use seems to be to keep its body poised, and upright.'

'How, then, is the bird enabled to alter the course of its flight?' asked Louisa.

'It can easily turn, either to the right or left,' answered Mr. Seymour, 'by flapping the opposite wing with increased force, just as a boat is turned about to the right, by a brisk application of the left oar.'

'But you have not yet answered Tom's question,' said the vicar. 'Of what use is the tail of the kite? Does it assist its ascent, or is it merely an appendage of ornament?'

'In the first place, it keeps the head of the kite to the wind; and, in the next, it lowers its center of gravity, and throws it towards its extremity, which not only prevents the chance of the machine being upset in the air, but so poises and regulates the position of the kite as to maintain the angle which it is necessary for the string to make with the surface.'

Mr. Twaddleton here inquired what might be the most advantageous angle for the kite to form with horizon, in order that the paper machine should rise to the greatest altitude.

'If the wind be horizontal,' answered Mr. Seymour, 'it is evident that the inclination of the kite's surface ought to be the same, as that which the rudder of a ship should make with the keel, in order that the vessel may be turned with the greatest facility; supposing the currents of water, which impel it, to have a direction parallel to the keel.'

'And what ought that angle to be?' inquired the vicar.

'Forty-four degrees, and forty-four minutes,' replied Mr. Seymour.

Tom here interrupted the dialogue, by expressing a regret that he should have been provided with so small a quantity of cord.

'I do not believe, my dear boy, that any advantage could be gained by an additional quantity of string,' said his father.

'Is there then, any reason why the kite should not ascend, even above the clouds, provided that any string were sufficiently long and strong?'

'Yes; indeed there is a most unanswerable reason. Remember that the kite is made to rise by the operation of two forces; the one afforded by the wind, the other by the action of the string: now it is quite evident that, when the weight of the string, added to that of the kite itself, becomes equal to the force of the wind, acting upon the surface of the machine, a general balance, or equilibrium of forces will be established, and the kite can no longer continue to ascend.'

'Will it, then, remain stationary under these circumstances?' asked Louisa.

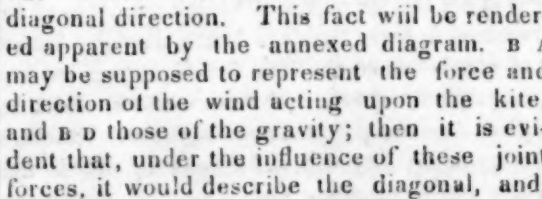
'It must do so, unless the force of the wind should abate; for it is a proposition in mechanics, which I shall hereafter endeavor to demonstrate, (\* that, if a body be acted upon by three forces, which are proportioned to, and in the direction of, the three sides of a triangle, it will be kept at rest. The kite is exactly in this predicament, for its weight; the force of the wind, and the action of the string, fulfil these conditions, and consequently keep the kite stationary.'

'But if the twine should snap?' said Tom.

'Then one of these three forces would be withdrawn, and the kite could no longer be sustained.'

'I trust that such an accident is not likely to happen; but if it should, we could easily recover the kite, that is one good thing; for it is hovering over the open field at the end of the Heath.'

'If you imagine that the kite, under such circumstances, would fall upon the spot directly under it, you are terribly deceived; recollect that, if the string should snap, the kite would be abandoned to two forces, those of the wind, and its own gravity; and you will perceive that, under such circumstances, it could not obey either of them, but would fall in an intermediate or diagonal direction. This fact will be rendered apparent by the annexed diagram. A may be supposed to represent the force and direction of the wind acting upon the kite, and a b those of the gravity; then it is evident that, under the influence of these joint forces, it would describe the diagonal, and, for reasons already explained, that line must necessarily be the curve b c f.'



'Come,' said the vicar, 'before Tom draws down his kite, let us send a messenger.'

'What may that be?' asked Louisa.

'A piece of paper or pasteboard, which, on being introduced upon the string, is blown along the line up to the kite.'

The messenger was accordingly prepared, and being placed upon the string, it ascended as Mr. Seymour had anticipated. While this operation was in progress, the vicar stood earnestly gazing upon the kite, and, at length, burst forth in the following animated soliloquy:—

'Assuredly, this must be acknowledged as a most beautiful and imposing toy! Fastidious or insensible must be that person, who does not feel exhilarated as he gazes on the kite, proudly floating under the canopy of heaven, and reflecting the departed smiles of the evening sun, after it has ceased to cheer us below.'

'Has the kite ever been applied to any useful purposes?' asked Tom.

'Certainly,' answered his father. 'It was by means of the kite that Dr. Franklin was enabled to demonstrate the identity of electricity and the cause of lightning, and thus to disclose one of the most awful mysteries of nature.'

'Pray do tell us something about this electrical kite, papa,' said Louisa.

'Not at present, my love; it would divert you too much from the subject in which we are engaged; at some future period I shall have much pleasure in introducing you into these fairy regions of philosophy.'

'I just now remember reading in Miss Edgeworth's Harry and Lucy,' said Louisa, 'something about a kite and Pompey's pillar.'

'This fact may be demonstrated by converting the triangle into a parallelogram, of which one of the sides of the triangle will become its diagonal; the other two sides will of course, represent two forces equivalent to such diagonal, which, acting in opposition to it, must produce a balance.'

'I am glad that you have reminded me of that story,' replied Mr. Seymour: 'I will relate it to you. Some English sailors laid a wager that they would drink a bowl of punch on the summit of Pompey's pillar. Now, that pillar is almost a hundred feet high, and it is quite smooth, so that there is no way of climbing to the top, even for sailors, who are such experienced climbers; so they flew their kite exactly over the pillar, and when it came down on the opposite side, the string lay across the top of the capital. By means of this string they pulled a small rope over, and by this a larger one, that was able to bear the weight of a man; a pulley was then fastened to the end of the large rope, and drawn close up to the upper edge of the capital; and then, you perceive, they could easily hoist each other up.—They did more, for they hoisted the English flag on the top, and then drank the bowl of punch, and won their wager.'

'That is a good story,' said the vicar; 'but I cannot help regretting that so much ingenuity and labor should not have had a nobler end to accomplish.'

'There is some truth in that observation,' said Mr. Seymour, 'and I will, therefore, relate another story which shall be more congenial to your heart, and in which the kite will present itself in a more interesting point of view; for instead of enabling the sailors to drink a bowl of punch at an altitude otherwise inaccessible, we shall find it engaged in rescuing them from the horrors of shipwreck.'

'Pray proceed, papa.'

(To be Continued.)

## GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

**WIRE GAUZE WINDOW BLINDS.**—We were pleased with the examination of a suite of wire gauze window blinds, or shades, the other day, made by C. C. Hosley, of this village. Mr. Hosley wove the wire and framed it, and fitted the blinds to the windows of a room in his house. They are called blinds, but they are more properly *veils*. The advantage of them is as follows:

They allow the air to pass freely without making the room too dark.

They keep out flies—not one can get in, and yet there is a free circulation of air.

They allow the sun to shine through, and yet its rays do not heat as when passing through glass or some medium where they are less divided.

Mr. H. weaves wire of any fineness, and will furnish any amount at reasonable rates.

**RAILROAD ACCIDENT—SHOCKING DEPRIVITY.**

We have the melancholy duty, this morning, of recording a sad accident, which occurred on our Railroad last evening about half past nine o'clock, about twenty-eight miles from this city, in the town of Wells—and resulted in the death of the Engineer, Horace Adams, of this city.

The express train for this city and the east, left Boston at 5 P. M. with about 300 passengers, in four passenger cars. At half past nine, when going at a pace of 20 miles per hour, the engine, baggage cars, and two of the passenger cars were thrown off the track, by one of those fiendish acts, of which one would think, only devils could be guilty.

The end of one of the rails, we are told, had been pried up a foot or eighteen inches, and several sticks of wood thrown on the track! We are informed, by others, however, that it is doubtful whether the accident occurred in this way—that it is all uncertainty in that respect.

The engine was thrown off, and wheeled entirely round so that it headed towards Boston. The fireman was thrown several rods into the bushes, and came out unhurt. Poor Adams was probably killed instantly. He was got out from under the tender with no signs of life.

The baggage cars were much broken up, and took fire soon after, but it was fortunately extinguished. The saloon of the first passenger car containing eight persons, was shivered to pieces, and one lady, (whose name we do not learn, belonging to Brownfield,) considerably injured—and some others slightly. The lady was brought into this city this morning.

The preservation of the occupants of the first saloon, which was much broken up, was miraculous. A child 19 months old was sleeping there, and did not awake during all the horrid confusion—and was ultimately passed out of the window in as quiet sleep, as though it had been reposing on its mother's bosom.

The conductor sent into this city for assistance, and the passengers reached here this morning at 6 o'clock.

The person whose duty it is to pass over that section of the road, did it last evening, half an hour before the accident, and all was right.

We are under obligations to Mr. Myrick, a passenger, who kindly assisted us to many particulars of the sad affair.

Mr. Adams, the engineer, resided in this city, and bore an excellent character. He was married about a year since, and has left a young widow and child to lament the depravity and sad result of this foul deed.

The wretch that would perpetrate a crime of this kind—if it were done as many suppose, is unsurpassed in wickedness by demons. We hope and trust, that he (or they) may be detected. There is no punishment contemplated in our code of laws, that will begin to make the second offender feel what he deserves. [Portland Argus, 13th inst.]

**Fire.**—On Saturday afternoon last, the mansion on the hill west of the State House, built and formerly occupied by John Davis, Esq. took fire in the roof; it is supposed from some defect in the chimney, and the wind being high the fire spread before assistance was obtained, and the building was entirely consumed. Had there been any water, the fire might have been put out, but the hill on which the house is built, though a beautiful place, ornamented with trees and shrubbery, and with a most commanding prospect, affords no water. Had there been a cistern there might have been a supply of water. For want of \$50 or \$100 thus expended, the spacious and once elegant building has been lost. Several years ago this place with five or six hundred acres of land, was sold to a company of speculators, in 1836 or '37, and we know not where the rightful owners now are. It is not known there was any insurance. The house and farm have been occupied for several years by D. M. Carson, who had his barn filled with 150 tons or more of hay, and a large quantity of grain. He had a contingent interest in the property we believe.—[Kennebec Journal.]

**Pretty Fair.**—The following is from the Dollar Democrat: E. P. Howe, its veteran editor is strongly opposed to battles:

'Some of the chaste and hasty upstart aristocrats of the country turn up their noses at a man in his shirt sleeves. Our revolutionary fathers dug trenches and fought in their shirt sleeves at Bunker Hill and elsewhere. They were "decidedly vulgar fellows!" But if it be "decidedly vulgar" to a storekeeper without a coat, liable as he is to the calls of more refined females, how *very* vulgar is vulgar is the custom with millions of married couples of occupying the same bed together, with nothing on but a shirt and a petticoat. Don't faint now at this announcement of a fact, ye double refined two legged maggets in silk and fine linen. Some of you who shudder at the rustling of a stiff starched chemise, or are ready to go into fits at the sight of a shirt-tail fluttering from the clothes line, will one day be in the same contiguity with vulgar domesticities as the million we have mentioned. Away with this affected refinement, and mock modesty—they cover as much rotteness as ever was sequestered in the catacombs of Egypt.'

**Dreadful Railroad Accident.** The Baltimore American of Wednesday, notices a sad accident on the Susquehanna Railroad.—About 2000 persons left in the train for York, Pa. to attend a military festival. When the train had reached a point about 8 miles from York, the front axle tree of the first passenger car broke, throwing that car and the two following it off the track and splintering all three cars, the first one being almost entirely demolished. A number of persons who were imprudently standing on the platform in front of the cars were thrown off, some of them being caught between the cars, and others forced under them. Many escaped unhurt but the following were seriously injured:

Michael Grubb, a leg broken.

Samuel Child, coachmaker, his left thigh broken, and so badly bruised that he is not expected to survive.

David Pugh, agent for the Gas Co. both thighs broken.

Peter McKaid, employed on the road, both legs broken.

Thomas Wilson, and a young lad, his left knee fractured, and was otherwise much bruised.

John Guver, Junior Artillerist, much bruised.

David Lefever, Junior Artillerist, severely bruised.

William Allen, Sergeant, much bruised.

John Cooper, very severely bruised and lacerated. He was taken from under the car, where he remained for nearly thirty minutes, although every effort was made to release him.

Christian Meyer, slightly injured.

All the persons injured were on the platform.

The wounded persons were taken to the Hospital and provided with medical attendance.

MEXICO.—By the schooner Amazon, which arrived here from Vera Cruz yesterday evening, we have received our files of papers from the city of Mexico, to the 13th August. The Courier Francaise contains several items of intelligence, which we transcribe.

Santa Anna published on the 8th ult, a decree relative to the rights and privileges of foreigners, of which the following are the provisions:—

ART. 1st. The favors, privileges or franchises granted by the civil law, and which are not included within the sphere of the common law, shall extend solely to Mexican subjects, to the exclusion of foreigners.

ART. 2d. The said exclusion shall not prevail in cases in which said favors, privileges or franchises shall be expressly granted to foreigners by the laws, or shall be fixed by respective treaties. The same principle shall apply to privileges or franchises accorded, not through personal consideration, but on account of public benefit accruing to the Republic from such concessions.

ART. 3d. The said exclusion shall moreover not apply to the privileges granted for the exercise of any profession or business carried on by foreigners in the Republic.

(Signed) ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANA.

By a decree of the 14th August, the list of articles the importation of which has been prohibited, is increased to an enormous extent. The Courier Francaise gives the general features of this ordinance. Carriages, cabs and every species of foreign vehicles, harness, hats, furniture, pianos, dolls and toys; gold, silver, copper, gilt

# THE ELECTION.

The results of the late election up to the latest returns appear to be something as follows.

No choice appears to have been made of Governor. We have the vote in 239 towns which leave Anderson in a minority of 1850, an amount, which we think cannot be overcome in the towns and plantations that remain.

In the districts for Representatives to the Legislature, there is an unusual number of failures to choose. In 86 districts not heard from, entitled to 89 Representatives, 38 Democrats have been chosen—12 Whigs, and in 39 there is no choice.

The Senators on the Anderson ticket it is supposed have prevailed where there is any choice in all except the Kennebec, Waldo, and perhaps one of the lower districts. In Kennebec the Whig Senators are elected—in Waldo the accounts differ, some claiming the choice of the Anderson ticket—that there will be but four vacancies—giving all but the three from Kennebec to the Democrats.

The Am is not so positive. Of the seven members of Congress voted for, the Democrats claim as certain, Mr. Herrick in York, Dunlap in Cumberland, and Hamlin in Penobscot and Piscataquis. Elsewhere no choice.

The third party vote does not appear so large as was at first supposed. In an aggregate of about forty-eight thousand given in the Argus of Saturday morning, the third party vote was but 5630. We have not heard of the election of any candidate out of that ticket. In the same aggregate, the Kavanagh vote was given as 2830.

In our list of votes for Governor, we have placed the Abolition votes with the scattering votes for convenience sake. By and by we shall endeavor to give, in the aggregate, the vote of each.

[Portland Advertiser.]

## YORK COUNTY.

	Robinson	Andrews	Kennedy	Wells	Lebanon
Buxton	10	26			
Ellis	31	131			
Hollis	105	156			
Kennebunk	111	123			
Kennebunk Port	79	148			
Kittery	37	218	2		
North Berwick	29	157			
Saco	133	255	10		
South Berwick	48	17	1		
Wells	29	184	16		
York	48	190	2		
Lebanon	127	141	44		
	6000	0000	000	000	

## CUMBERLAND.

	Robinson	Andrews	Kennedy	Wells	Lebanon
Auburn	86	117			
Brunswick	210	301	27		
Bridgeport	37	163			
Cape Elizabeth	24	208			
Cumberland	63	108			
Casco	10	47			
Durham	116	159			
Falmouth	114	124			
Freeport	137	128			
Gorham	129	234			
Gray	33	210	9		
North Yarmouth	229	292	105		
New Gloucester	132	113	20		
Naples	38	59			
Onsfield	19	55			
Pownal	102	105			
Poland	60	319			
Portland	767	731	130		
Raymond	21	124			
Standish	83	224			
Scarboro	21	202			
Westbrook	101	373	3		
Windham	58	149			
Harpwell	77	87			
Minot	118	110			
Harrison	21	76			
Baldwin					
	0000	0000	000	000	

## LINCOLN.

	Robinson	Andrews	Kennedy	Wells	Lebanon
Attowscie	10	31			
Albion	40	25			
Bath	345	49	183		
Bowdoinham	107	17	65		
Presden	40	75			
Georgetown	6	87			
Richmond	65	65	20		
Topsham	142	64	7		
Waldoboro	174	69	157		
Wiscasset	163	122			
Piscataquis	76	72	13		
Leicester	76	72	13		
Warren	85	66	96		
Thomaston	138	356	16		
Union	134	116	18		
Bremen	42	48	11		
Cushing	8	84			
Newcastle	106	37	54		
Nobleboro	30	142			
Ennis	151	139	40		
Bowdoin	117	91	11		
Lisbon	124	71	3		
Weymouth	91	35			
Friendship	21	44			
Woodville	93	13			
Boothby	86	64			
Westport	30	12			
Jefferson	104	137	14		
Townsend	25	30			
	0000	0000	000	000	

## HANCOCK.

	Robinson	Andrews	Kennedy	Wells	Lebanon
Bridgton	103	73			
Dear Isles		11 maj.			
Dedham		11 maj.			
Eden	24	69	7		
Elsworth	100	198	14		
Gouldsborough	51	58	5		
Hancock	49	40			
Marionville	23	17			
Mt. Desert	44	89	2		
Oris	1	19			
Surry	23	124			
Tremont	24	80			
Waltham	22	26			
Brooksville	58	64			
Castine	29	109			
Penobscot	48	115			
Sedgewick	30	34			
Sullivan					
	0000	0000	000	000	

## WASHINGTON.

	Robinson	Andrews	Kennedy	Wells	Lebanon
Cherryfield	107	38			
Harrington	27	101			
Machias	72	53			
Stonewall	78	40			
Addison	9	56			
Columbia	53	33			
Calais	128	268	7		
Eastport	137	127	2		
Robbinston	40	59			
Machias Port	21	71			
North Field	25	13			
East Machias	20	43			
Topsfield	10	38			
Baileysville					
	0000	0000	000	000	

## KENNEBEC.

	Robinson	Andrews	Kennedy	Wells	Lebanon
Augusta	494	243	150		
Hallowell	195	115	29		
Gardiner	246	162	33		
China	119	124	60		
Litchfield	143	73			
Pittston	165	55	43		
Readfield	158	54	22		
Yassalboro	328	105	16		
Greene	76	91	24		
Monmouth	138	133	11		
Belgrade	111	112			
Mt. Vernon	148	51	7		

	Robinson	Andrews	Kennedy	Wells	Lebanon
Winslow	143	80	2		
Windport	157	84	11		
Windsor	104	18	36		
Wayne	83	30			
Albion	83	30	130		
Payette	102	23	1		
Sidney	213	41	7		
Clinton	27	132			
Sebasticook	51	90			
Wales	00	00			
Leeds	00	00	00		
Rome	01	25			
Vienna	36	12			
	0000	0000	000	000	

## OXFORD.

	Robinson	Andrews	Kennedy	Wells	Lebanon
Livermore	201	111			
Turner	129	258			
Canton	40	160			
Hartford	40	91			
Beckfield	35	155	41		
Paris	48	276	3		
Rumford	111	116			
Woodstock	2	122			
Summer	17	102			
Canaan	63	76			
North Surplus	1	10			
Letter B	4	25			
No. 5	4	15			
Peru	7	109			
Waterford	50	101			
Hiram	43	90			
	0000	0000	000	000	

## SOMERSET.

	Robinson	Andrews	Kennedy	Wells	Lebanon
Norridgewock	175	80			
Madison	88	105			
Anson	163	101	9		
Emblem	133	113			
Fairfield	92	26	3		
Bloomfield	70	69	9		
Skowhegan	85	74			
Mercer	85	66			
Solon	65	51			
Southfield	48	40			
Bingham	48	40			
Brighton	60	128			
Canaan	33	37			
Concord	38	36			
Cornville	49	40			
Detroit	24	40			
Harmony	50	61			
Harland	22	33			
Lexington	21	75			
Mayfield	15	15			
New Portland	57	82			
Palmyra	81	95			
Pittsfield	30	134			
Ripley	21	64			
St. Albans	109	111			
Starks	81	83			
	000	000	00	00	

## PENOBSCOT.

	Robinson	Andrews	Kennedy	Wells	Lebanon
Bangor	486	347	87		
Brewer	116	145			
Hamden	75	213	8		
Oldtown	90	181	18		
Herman	12	132			
Newburg	19	88			
Dixnot	50	80			
Plymouth	39	106			
Kirkland	20	31			
Orrington	74	61			
Orono	153	145	2		
Eddington	21	76			
Howland	30	17			
Edinburg	6	45			
Belmont	11	32			
Enfield	8	37			
Lowell	18	27			
Pasadunkesg	55	121	3		
Levant	11	60			
Glenburn	33	151			
Gardner	53	83			
Exeter	46	99			
Charleston	30	90			
Corinna	28	114			
Bradford	45	65			
Carmel	33	65	7		
Dexter	59	115	19		
Etna	40	127			
Lincoln	17	62			
Millford	63	37			
Mattawamkeag	4	25			
Newport	56	165			
Stetson	30	68			
Williamsburg	15				
	0000	0000	00	000	

## WALDO-Complete.

	Robinson	Andrews	Kennedy	Wells	Lebanon
Appleton	34	104	13		
Belmont	135	388	102		
Brooks	8	110	71		
Burnham	11	64	20		
Brooksville	10	95	32		
Brooksville	123	99	88		
Frederick	25	166	96		
Frederick	21	71	50		
Hope	95	85	5		
Ishlesboro	9	29			
Jackson	4	35	21		
Knock	15	82	42		
Liberty	8	75	17		
Lincolnton	6	71	67		
Monroe	13	79	17		
Montville	40	166	43		
Northport	7	86	39		
Palermo	32	112	9		
Prospect	14	260	92		
Searsmont	13	71	105		
Swanville	10	119	38		
Thordike	11	43	68		
Thordike	30	47	18		
Thordike	32	78	59		
Unity	40	141			
Vinalhaven	9	60	17		
Waldo Plantation	759	2627	1089		

## PISCATAQUIS.

	Montville,	40	166	43	2
	Northport,	7	86	39	
5	Palermo,	32	112	9	
	Prospect,	14	230	22	1
	Searsmont,	33	71	103	
	Swanville,	10	119	38	
	Thordike,	11	43	68	1
	Troy,	30	47	48	
8	Unity,	32	78	50	
	Vinalhaven,	40	141		
	Waldo Plantation,	9	60	17	
		750	2627	1089	35
PISCATAQUIS.					
	Dover,	50	75		4
	Shirley,	10	22		
	Wilson,	7	10		
	Monson,	34	23		

## POETRY.

### THE WATER CURE.

A HYDROPATHIC BALLAD.  
To Malvern Well came Mary Bell,  
To nurse poor Peter Head;  
For he was lying sick and sore,  
All in his watery bed.  
"O, Peter dear! O, Peter dear!  
How could they serve you so?  
To wrap you in a cold damp sheet,  
All child from top to toe?"  
"Oh! do not fear for me," he said,  
"For, like the ocean's tide,  
Full five-and-thirty summers now  
Are washing my inside.  
Then cease to weep, dear Mary Bell,  
Nor shed another tear;  
And cease to weep; I'm not allowed  
To touch it while I'm here."  
Then from his head the cap she took,  
Which they'd put on the spot;  
And, with her pretty little hand,  
She wrung the water out.  
And, gazing on his pallid brow,  
And by his couch did stand;  
And, having wrung the cap quite dry,  
She wrung—her little hand.  
Had any other watery death  
Than this befallen you;  
O! had you sought with Wellington,  
And died at Waterloo,  
You'd moulder there in honor's grave;  
But now, O, Peter Head!  
You lie on this damp couch, I row,  
Quite mouldy ere you're dead."  
"Oh! do not say that doctor's stuff  
Could cure my woe some ill;  
Or think that ever health is found  
In potions or in pills.  
No noisome draught could bring relief,  
No drug my fever quell;  
Health, rosy maid, like Truth, is found  
In the bottom of a well."  
"O, Peter dear! fine water'd silks  
I've often seen, 'tis true;  
Of watery setting suns I've heard,  
And watery sunset too.  
If with a watery love I  
Must make myself content,  
I'll to the Coldstream go, and choose  
One from that regiment."  
"Dear Mary Bell, no words can tell  
How sorely I'm afflicted;  
And can you a wet blanket throw  
Upon the hopes you've raised?  
For, were I pump'd upon all day,  
And drench'd with water too,  
It never would put out the flame  
That burns so bright for you."  
"If you get well, O, Peter Head,  
Go seek a maid more bold:  
I fear you'd be so very damp,  
You'd always give me cold.  
A widow, too, I soon should be;  
For one who does such deeds  
As almost drinking rivers dry,  
Would leave me in the weeds."  
Then down he hung his dripping head—  
He closed his watery eye;  
And, wrapping close his cold damp sheet,  
He turned him round to die.  
"Farewell," he said; "when Peter Head  
Is gone, you'll know his merits."  
And so he left this watery world,  
For another world of spirits.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

THE WIFE OF LEON, AND OTHER POEMS.—By  
Two Sisters of the West. New-York, D. Appleton  
& Co.

This is the title of a work of which we have just  
received a copy, although we believe it is not yet  
published. The authors, we learn, reside in the  
State of Mississippi, where these poems were writ-  
ten without any thought of their publication, until  
at the earnest desire of their father, they allowed  
them to be put to press. To us they seem to possess  
unusual merit. It is the poetry of the affections,  
expressed with great sweetness and naturalness, in  
graceful and flowing numbers. The thought in the  
following little poem is very beautiful and affecting.

### "MINE EARTHLY CHILDREN ROUND ME BLOOM."

Mine earthly children round me bloom,  
Lovely alike in smiles and tears;  
My fairest sleeps within the tomb,  
Through long and silent years.  
And earthly ties are round me bound,  
And earthly feelings fondly nursed;  
And yet, the spell is not unbound  
That linked me to my first, my first.  
A fairy thing, with flaxen hair,  
And eyes of blue, and downy cheek;  
And frolic limbs, and lips that were  
Striving for evermore to speak.  
A thing as lovely as the day,  
Fair as the shapes that span the beams;  
As innocent as flowers of May,  
As frail, as fading, as our dreams.  
I see the seals of childhood fade  
Slowly, from each young living brow;  
Yet still, in sunshine, or in shade,  
That infant is an infant now.  
Seasons may roll, and manhood's pride  
Each youthful breast with care may fill;  
And one by one they'll leave my side,  
But she will be my baby still.  
And evermore by these unseen,  
That vision followeth everywhere;  
When these are gathered on the green,  
Yet I can see another there.  
When three around the board are set,  
And call on Father, and on Mother,  
To mortal eyes but three are met,  
But I, but I can see another.  
A cherub child with angel wings,  
Is floating o'er me, fond and free;  
And still that gladsome infant sings,  
"Grieve not, dear mother, not for me!"

Here is another poem, not quite perfect in the ex-  
pression, but presenting a most agreeable portra-  
ture of youthful character, drawn, we cannot doubt,  
after some actual original:—

### "THE CHILD OF MANY TEARS."

His very birth with grief was fraught,  
And ominous the day;  
The angel who the infant brought,  
The mother called away;  
And still we reared, in doubt and care,  
The boy through rolling years;  
And called him, in our valley fair,  
"The child of many tears!"  
He was a gentle, loving thing,  
Of a soft heart, and true;  
With love that to our souls did cling,  
And daily, hourly grew;  
And his were dark and shaded eyes,  
And lashes soft and fine;  
A forehead calm as summer skies,  
A childish face divine.  
But his was an imperfect mould—  
Oh! sorrow lone and dim—  
Those limbs so free, and lithe, and bold,  
God had not given to him.  
But bent, and wry, and ill at ease  
In his dark mournful lot,  
He seemed like a rich master-piece  
Half finished, and—forgot.  
He grew up in our native vale,  
E'er with the bending flowers;  
His boyish cheek was ever pale,

As ja'mine of the bowers.  
And most he loved to lie at length  
Upon the long soft grass,  
While visions of a sweeping strength,  
O'er his deep heart would pass.

His was a keen and subtle soul—  
And words of power and might,  
And visions he could not control,  
Burst evermore to light.  
The hidden treasures of his thought  
First calmly flowed along,  
Until they swelled, with beauty fraught,  
A river—broad and strong.

He left us—left that lowly home,  
That porch he loved so well;  
We listed, his slow step to come,  
Vainly, when evening fell.  
We often to each other spake  
Of him, with earnest fears,  
We loved him for his parents' sake,  
That "child of many tears."

And many a year rolled slowly on,  
With changes crowded fast;  
We have not heard of him since on  
Our step he pondered last.  
One eve, a stranger to our door  
Came, covered with the snow;  
And from his lips we heard once more  
Of him—loved long ago.

The highest in the council room,  
The wisest in the hall;  
The lord of a distant home,  
Adored, revered of all;  
Wearing upon a youthful brow,  
The power and pride of years  
With yearnings strange we name him now,  
That "child of many tears."

In the following verses we recognize more strength  
of manner:—

### LINES.

She met me with the same calm brow  
She bore in other years;  
I marvelled then, I marvel now,  
Where slept her blinding tears.  
She spoke not once of that lost star,  
That perished from her sky;  
Her words were all of matters far  
From that great agony.

She marked my dim and tearful eyes,  
My broken speech she heard;  
And dark and bitter memories  
Within her heart were stirred.  
A sudden shudder, quick and sharp,  
Shook her with quiverings,  
As visibly as when a harp  
Is swept o'er all its strings.

An ashen pallor veiled her cheek;  
Cold damps stood on her brow;  
And when at last she strove to speak,  
Her words were whispered low;  
But soon that firm undaunted will,  
That never strove in vain,  
Said to the inward storm, "be still,"  
And she was calm again.

Calm! Ay, with that despair which knows  
The vanity of tears,  
She patiently awaits the close  
Of her appointed years;  
Thankful alike, when breaks the dawn,  
Or sunlight fades in gloom;  
Because each day her steps are drawn  
Still nearer to the tomb!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Farmer & Advocate.

### An Invalid's Rambles. No. 9.

More than a year has passed away with all  
its joys and sorrows since *The Invalid* com-  
menced his rambles. And truly it has been  
an eventful one with him. Again has he tasted  
of the bitterest draughts of affliction; and again  
has he extended his rambles in various parts.  
It is a long time since he last made his bow  
to your readers, and informed them that in  
his next number he would speak of his "de-  
parture from the city, and the continuation of  
his rambles." But health has been denied,  
and thus his plans were frustrated. He will,  
however, by no means complain; for so goes  
the course of events in this world. To-day  
we are in health, we bask in the sunshine of  
prosperity, and it would seem by our actions,  
that we expected the course of things would  
go thus forever. To-morrow the clouds of  
adversity settle down upon us, we are over-  
whelmed by storms of sorrow, and perhaps  
pass through the valley and shadow of death.  
All the bright plans of life we had formed are  
dissipated in a moment, and we are soon a-  
ware of our utter weakness.

But though the author of this has so often  
learned that science,

"The star,  
That lures him on, but leadeth to the grave;"  
yet he is obliged to confess that

"Were he cautious and  
Discreet, his name would not be Tell."

It is his characteristic to be hopeful, to hope  
against hope, and to brave every danger and  
inconvenience in the pursuit of his favorite  
object. And all this too, when he can in all  
good faith exclaim:

"I never had a dear gazelle (a fond hope)  
To glad me with its soft blue eye,  
But when it came to know me well  
And love me, it was sure to die!"

But action is the poetry of existence, and it  
is quite likely that the invalid will continue  
to go on as he has begun, while the lamp of  
his life continues to burn.

To us short-sighted mortals, there is a  
great deal in the course of events in this world,  
which appears inexplicable. Those who ap-  
pear to be pillars of society, who are doing  
mankind incalculable good, and whom we  
should suppose a merciful Providence would  
permit to live long in the world, are cut down  
in the morning of their lives, and go early to  
try the unknown scenes of futurity. The  
young and lovely pass away like the summer  
flower. We observe them in the morning in  
their strength and beauty; in the evening we  
inquire for them and they are gone—passed  
away like the early dew.

"So all that is brightest  
Ever first fades away,  
And the joys that leap lightest,  
The earliest decay.  
The heart that was nearest,  
The dearest will rove,  
And the friend that was dearest,  
The first cease to love.  
The purest, the noblest,  
The loveliest we know  
Are ever the surest,  
The soonest to go."

While on the other hand those, that are pro-

fligate and vile, who go on sinning without re-  
morse; who break the laws of God and man  
constantly; and who violate every law of na-  
ture and their own constitution without re-  
serve; live long in the world, having health  
and prosperity, and, at the final hour, there  
are no "bands in their death." These things  
indeed appear strange to us, but a searching,  
contemplative mind will learn wisdom from an  
examination even of these things. Laying  
aside the information we obtain from the light  
of nature and Revelation concerning the ef-  
fects of our conduct here upon our future ex-  
istence, we shall see that there is a great dif-  
ference in the fate of these two classes. No  
sooner do individuals of the latter class pass  
out of this state of existence, than they are  
forgotten. Their names and their doings per-  
ish and decay with their bodies. Or if per-  
chance they are remembered it is with horror  
and disgust. If their doings are mentioned  
at all, they are produced as examples to be  
avoided. But it is far different with the for-  
mer class. Their names are enrolled upon the  
scroll of fame. Their remembrance is re-  
called with sweet thoughts concerning their  
character; for it lives after them, and provides  
a lasting honor for them. Their example is  
kept before the minds of men as being worthy  
of admiration and imitation. They live in the  
thoughts and hearts of all good men in every  
age.

"The good, the great, the glorious, never die—  
Their names are blended with eternity!"

Who then would fail of imitating the former  
class? Who could forbear taking the road to  
honor and immortality? This life is short,  
and many things are to be done. Who then  
can forbear being active? This is peculiarly  
a day of action. He must indeed be a sloth-  
ful soul, who shall be found asleep or inactive  
at this day. Now is the time when even the  
cool blood of age moves quickly to be en-  
gaged in something. Then let him, who is asleep,  
awake; him, that is awake, stand; him, that  
is standing, run; him, that is running, fly to  
be doing something useful.

But perhaps by this time some one will en-  
quire, "where are the Rambles?" Sure en-  
ough, where are they? The invalid is wearied  
with his puny labors, and he now begins  
to think he has said enough about his travels  
and observation. For although he has only  
given his readers a tithe of them, still he thinks  
it is enough. If they have been interesting  
hitherto (which is much more than he can ex-  
pect) he thinks it best to stop lest they become  
uninteresting. And if they have not been  
pleasing heretofore, of course, it is time to  
stop. A third reason may be that the invalid  
has a strong inclination to roam about in the  
pleasant groves and fields near his rural home  
"fancy-free," which he cannot do while he  
has to tax his fancy with frequent descriptions.  
And this his desire, he is sure, no one will  
wish to hinder, when they know that

"In the silent greenwood glade,  
In the dim old forest's shade,  
By the rushing river,  
There are sweet low voices singing,  
Music on the soft breeze flinging,  
And they haunt him ever."

Wishing a happy life and pleasant dreams  
to all his readers the invalid makes them his  
last and most respectful bow.  
ERNEST.  
No. 3, Rural Avenue, Farmington.

### Difficulties peculiar to American Women.

BY MISS CATHERINE E. BEECHER.

A perfectly healthy woman especially a  
perfectly healthy mother, is so unfrequent in  
some of the wealthier classes, that those who  
are so may be regarded as the exceptions, and  
not as the general rule. The writer has  
heard some of her friends declare, that they  
would ride fifty miles to see a perfectly healthy  
and vigorous woman out of the laboring  
classes. This, although somewhat ironic,  
was not an entirely unfair picture of the true  
state of female health in the wealthier classes.

There are many causes operating, which  
tend to perpetuate and increase this evil. It  
is a well-known fact, that mental excitement  
tends to weaken the physical system, unless  
it is counterbalanced by a corresponding in-  
crease of exercise and fresh air. Now, the  
people of this country are under the influence  
of high commercial, political, and religious  
stimulus, altogether greater than was ever  
known by any other nation; and in all this,  
women are made the sympathizing compan-  
ions of the other sex. At the same time,  
young girls, in pursuing an education, have  
times greater amount of intellectual  
taxation demanded, than was ever before ex-  
pected. Let any daughter, educated in our  
best schools at this day, compare the course  
of her study with that pursued in her mother's  
early life, and it will be seen that this estimate  
of the increase of mental taxation, probably  
falls below the truth. Though, in some coun-  
tries, there are small classes of females, in  
the higher circles, who pursue literature and  
science to a far greater extent than in any  
corresponding circles in this country, yet in  
no nation in the world are the advantages of  
a good intellectual education enjoyed by  
so large a proportion of the females. And  
this education has consisted far less of ac-  
complishments and far more of those solid  
studies that demand the exercise of the vari-  
ous powers of mind, than the education of the  
women of other lands.

And when the American women are called  
to the responsibilities of domestic life, the de-  
gree in which their minds and feelings are  
taxed, is altogether greater than in any other  
nation.

No women on earth have a higher sense of  
their moral and religious responsibilities, or  
better understand, not only what is demanded  
of them as housekeepers, but all the claims  
that rest upon them as wives, mothers, and  
members of a social community. An Ameri-  
can woman, who is the mistress of a family,  
feels her obligations, in reference to her in-  
fluence over her husband, and a still greater  
responsibility in rearing and educating her  
children. She feels, too, the claims the wor-

al interests of her domestics have on her  
watchful care. In social life, she recognizes  
the claims of hospitality, and the demands of  
friendly visiting. Her responsibility, in re-  
ference to the institutions of benevolence and  
religion, is deeply realized. The regular  
worship of the Lord's day, and all the various  
religious and benevolent societies that place  
so much dependence on female activity, she  
feels obligated to sustain, by her influence  
and example. Add to these multiplied re-  
sponsibilities, the perplexities and evils that  
have been pointed out, resulting from the  
fluctuating state of society and the deficiency  
of domestic service, and no one can deny  
that American women are exposed to a far  
greater amount of intellectual and moral ex-  
citement, than those of any other land. Of  
course, in order to escape the danger result-  
ing from this, a greater amount of exercise in  
the fresh air, and all those methods which  
strengthen the constitution, are imperiously  
required.

But, instead of this, it will be found that  
owing to the climate and customs of this Na-  
tion, there are no women who secure so little  
of this healthful and protecting regimen.  
Walking and riding, and gardening, in the  
open air, are practised by the women of other  
lands, to a far greater extent, than by Ameri-  
can females. Most English women, in the  
eight miles on a stretch, without oppressive  
fatigue; and when they visit this country, al-  
ways express their surprise at the inactive  
habits of American ladies. In England, the  
regular daily exercise, in the open air, is very  
commonly required by the mother as a part  
of daily duty, and is sought by young  
women as an enjoyment. In consequence  
of a different physical training, English wo-  
men, in those circles that enjoy competency,  
present an appearance which always strikes  
American gentlemen as a contrast to what  
they see at home. An English mother, at  
thirty, or thirty-five, is in the full bloom of  
perfect womanhood, as fresh and healthful  
as her daughters. But where are the Ameri-  
can mothers who can reach this period un-  
faded and unworn? In America, young ladies  
in the wealthier classes are sent to school  
from early childhood; and neither parents nor  
teacher make it a definite object to secure a  
proper amount of fresh air and exercise, to  
counterbalance this intellectual taxation. As  
soon as they pass their school-days, dressing  
visiting, evening parties, and stimulating  
amusement, take the place of study, while  
the most unhealthful modes of dress add to  
the physical exposures. To make morning  
calls, or to do a little shopping, is all that can  
be called their exercise in the fresh air; and this  
compared to what is needed, is absolutely  
nothing, and on some accounts is worse than  
nothing. In consequence of these, and other  
evils, the young women of America grow up  
with such a delicacy of constitution, that prob-  
ably eight out of ten become subjects of dis-  
ease before or as soon as they are called to  
the responsibilities of domestic life.

But there is one peculiarity of situation in  
regard to American women, that makes this  
delicacy of constitution still more disastrous.  
It is the liability to the exposures and hard-  
ships of a newly-settled country. One more  
extract from Dr. Tocqueville, will give a view  
of this part of the subject, which any one familiar  
with western life, will admire for its veri-  
similitude.

"The same strength of purpose which the  
young wives of America display in bending  
themselves, at once, and without repining, to  
the austere duties of their new condition, is  
no less manifest in all the great trials of their  
lives. In no country in the world, are private  
fortunes more precarious than in the United  
States. It is not uncommon for the same man,  
in the course of his life, to rise and sink again  
through all the grades which lead from opul-  
ence to poverty. American women support these  
vicissitudes with a calm and unquenchable en-  
ergy. It would seem that their desires contract,  
as easily as their fortunes. The greater part  
of the adventurers who migrate, every year  
to people the Western wilds, belong 'to the  
old Anglo-American race of the Northern  
States. Many of these men, who rush boldly  
onward in pursuit of wealth, were already in  
the enjoyment of a competency in their own  
part of the country. They take their wives  
along with them, and make them share the  
countless perils and privations which always  
attend the commencement of these expedi-  
tions. I have often met, even on the verge  
of the wilderness, with young women, who,  
after having been brought up amid all the  
comforts of the large towns of New England  
had passed, almost without any intermediate  
stage, from the wealthy abode of their parents  
to comfortable hovel in the forest. Fever,  
solitude and a tedious life, had not broken  
the springs of their courage. Their features  
were impaired and faded, but their looks were  
firm: they appeared to be at once sad and  
resolute."

In another passage, he gives this picture-  
que sketch: "By the side of the hearth sits a  
woman with a baby on her lap. She nods to  
us, without disturbing herself. Like the pio-  
neer, this woman is in the prime of life; her  
appearance would seem superior to her con-  
dition; and her apparel even betrays a linger-  
ing taste for dress. But her delicate limbs  
appear shrunken; her features drawn in; her  
eye is mild and melancholy; her whole phys-  
iognomy bears marks of a degree of religious  
resignation, a deep quiet of all passion, and  
some sort of natural and tranquil firmness,  
ready to meet all the ills of life, without brav-  
ing them. Her children cluster about her,  
full of health, turbulence and energy; they  
are true children of the wilderness; their  
mother watches them, from time to time with  
mingled melancholy and joy. To look at their  
strength and her languor, one might imagine  
that the life she had given them had ex-  
hausted her own; and still she regrets not what  
they have cost her. The house inhabited by  
these emigrants, has no internal partition or  
loft. In one chamber of the night. The whole  
family is gathered for the night. The de-  
well is itself a little world; an ark of cir-  
cled and an ocean of foliage. A hun-  
dred steps beyond it the primeval forest,  
spreads its shades, and solitude resumes its  
sway."

Such scenes, and such women, the writer  
has met, and few persons realize how many  
refined and lovely women are scattered over  
the broad prairies and deep forests of  
the West; and none but the Father above ap-  
preciates the extent of those sacrifices and  
sufferings, and the value of that firm faith and  
religious hope, that lives, in perennial bloom,  
amid those vast solitudes. If the American

women of the east merit the palm for their  
skill and success as accomplished housekeep-  
ers, still more is due to the heroines of the  
West, who, with such unyielding fortitude  
and cheerful endurance, attempt similar du-  
ties, amid so many disadvantages and de-  
privations.

But, though American women have those  
elevated principles and feelings, which en-  
able them to meet such trials in so exemplary  
a manner, their physical energies are not  
equal to the exertions demanded.—Though  
the mind may be bright and firm, the cas-  
ket is shivered; though the spirit may be willing,  
the flesh is weak. A woman of firm health,  
with the hope and elasticity of youth, may be  
envied rather than pitied, as she shares with  
her young husband the hopes and enterprises  
of pioneer life. But, when the body fails, the  
eye of hope grows dim, the heart sickens, the  
courage dies; and in solitude, weariness and  
suffering, the wanderer pines for the dear  
voices and the tender sympathies of a far dis-  
tant home.—Then it is, that the darkest  
shade is presented, that marks the peculiar  
trials and liabilities of American women, and  
which exhibits still more forcibly the disas-  
trous results of that delicacy of constitution  
which has been pointed out. For though all  
American women, or even the greater part of  
them, are not called to encounter such trials,  
yet no mother who rears a family of daughters  
can say that such a lot will not fall to one of  
her flock, nor can she know which will es-  
cape. The reverses of fortune, and the chan-  
ces of matrimony, expose every woman in  
the Nation to such liabilities, for which they  
need to be prepared.

From the Massachusetts Ploughman.

### Rustic Musings.

"It boots nothing to be ily shod."

A few days ago I called in at Capt. Jethro's,  
one of my good neighbors, who is a "right  
up and down" honest man, one whom no sel-  
fish motive can ever swerve from a true, go-  
ahead course of prompt uprightness. I found  
him venting most violent philippics against the  
whole race of shoe and boot-makers. Yes,  
he blasted and execrated almost all, from St.  
Crispin himself, down to the meanest ped-  
dler of modern times. One of his boys had  
been to market with a load of early potatoes,  
and brought home a new pair of boots, for  
which he gave three dollars. "Cheap, cheap  
as a broom," cried Ned, as he showed them,  
in all their sleekness, to the gazers. He had  
no doubt of their being a good fit, as they  
were of the right number, &c., therefore he  
never tried them on, till he arrived home.

The sponge blacking made them shine, nice  
and bright, as a glass bottle. Ned had made  
out, by dint of hard squeezing, to get his foot  
into one, or, rather down, as far as the  
heel, when it came to a full stop. After tak-  
ing long breath, he essayed once more to take  
the "long pull and the strong pull," when  
crack went the side seams, and the threads  
"grinned horribly!" "There, Ned, there!"

said the Capt.; "now go and read the story  
of Peter Pindar's razors, and learn that all is  
not gold that glistens. If you wanted a pair  
of boots, why not go to our neighbor, Wax-  
well, as usual? all the world knows that he is  
a fair dealer, and no cheat. I am a little sus-  
picious that you are getting into dandy notions  
Ned. But I tell you it will never do. See  
what a fine market our potatoes have come to!  
Why I would not give a dry mullen stalk for  
a hay-cart full of such paltry trumpery, as you  
have got here for boots. Pol! 'see what a  
rent!'—Trash, trash! my son; frippery and  
humbug! How rascally, that leather should  
thus be made to go to waste and ruin, and the  
community be so shamefully imposed upon!  
O, it was not so in Secum's day; no, old John  
Secum's stitches never gave way, any more  
than the welding of Peter Vulcan's axes. It  
is insufferable! I lose all patience about it!  
Every boy, yes, and every girl, almost, is now  
engaged in this cheating and chousing busi-  
ness. The girls do the fitting, as they call it,  
the boys do the pegging, and another one is  
the polisher. So, they all learn this art of de-  
ception. The article is not intended for use,  
but for traffic, and passes through the hands  
of Tom, Dick, and Harry, till, at last, the  
poor wearer finds that he has paid his money  
away for what is not worth the gizzard of a  
trifle! As for my boys, and my girls, never  
shall they have any thing to do in this  
business. No, they shall stick to the farm;  
to the crops,—to the dairy; and to all that  
concerns good husbandry and good housewifery.  
God grant that they may in this way  
make themselves useful, respectable and happy."

I pretty much agreed with my friend, Capt.  
Jethro, in what he said about shoe-making in  
these modern times, and rehearsed over one  
of Ben Bailey's little ballads on the same  
subject, to the amusement both of him and his  
family. It has appeared before in print, but  
I here give it, as last revised by himself, and  
therefore hope it may be acceptable.

### UNCLE LOT.

In the days of my boyhood, (I recollect well,  
And others, no doubt, the same story can tell)  
Our workmen were honest;—no one thought of  
cheating,  
And what may be stranger, they all went to meeting!

There was Shoemaker Lot;  
I remember the spot,  
With the bench where he "sat,"  
With his strap on his knee;  
He was upright and fair,  
Ay, exact to a hair,  
And a faithful old cordonwainer he.

On a moonshiny night, when Thanksgiving was  
coming,  
I mounded in haste, Uncle Jeremy's mare;  
"O! dobbin," said I, "let your trotters be drum-  
ming."  
Toward Uncle Lot's, and she soon had me there.

O, good Uncle Lot,  
I remember the spot,  
And the bench where he "sat,"  
With his strap on his knee!  
Our shoes were all ready,  
For me and for Neddy,  
And Sally, and Hetty,  
And Dolly, and Betty;  
What a faithful old cordonwainer he!

Then, there was the stitching, so strong & so nice;  
Why, the thread held the leather, as firm as a vice!  
There was none of this pegging, this glueing, and  
nailing,  
Of course too no fretting, no scolding no railing,  
When Shoemaker Lot,  
Was at work on the spot,  
(Which I never forgot),  
With his strap on his knee.  
How strong he would sew them  
O, could he now show them  
What a faithful old cordonwainer he!

But, alas, and slack on't! how changed is this mat-  
ter!  
Now honesty seems to go begging about!

For none has a coat, or a shoe, or a garter,  
That lasts o'er a fortnight, before 'tis worn out.

O, that some Uncle Lot  
Would again take the spot,  
And the bench where he "sat,"  
With the strap on his knee;  
Like him, at the trade too,  
Have shoes honest made too;  
No cheat, and no cozen,  
No ribs by the dozen,—  
How useful a cordonwainer he!

Our good Uncle Lot lately took his departure,  
And went to inhabit the "Land of the Lost!"  
No doubt but his soul will there find better place,  
But then, he has left us all "down at the heels!"

O, bless Uncle Lot,  
I do verily  
You will never be forgot,  
Nor the strap on your knee;  
Your making, your mending,  
Nor all your year's ending—  
Adieu, Uncle Lot, now, to thee!

I do not altogether condemn this substi-  
tuting pegging for sewing; but right down  
cheating and false representing I do abhor  
any thing. Look into our shoe shops, and see  
a knot of lads driving this sale business with  
all their might and main in order to get these  
stints done; and, when the work is completed,  
up to the polish, dazzle and finished descrip-  
tion, what is it worth? Why, as Capt. Jethro  
has already said, 'not the gizzard of a trifle,'  
a sham and imposition! The boys are well  
aware of the good-for-nothingness of the ar-  
ticle; how is it then,—are the lads brought up  
"in the way they should go?" Another little  
mode of doing business I may be permitted  
to hint at; it is 'light weight' in putting up  
tacks. A word to the knowing ones is suf-  
ficient. Now, I once knew a farmer, who, af-  
ter having his half-bushel measure sealed by  
the officer of the law, knocked in its bottom  
about half an inch, with no honest intention,  
you may well suppose. The trick was dis-  
covered, and a prosecution followed. But this  
was in the good old days of Uncle Lot, when  
sleight work, light weight, Eastern land specu-  
lation, great whisks, soap-lucks, and long-  
lines had not commenced their rage.

"Well, Master Scribble," says Tom Cur-  
ner, "you seem to be much in dudgeon. If  
any of my work fails, send it on;—ripes need-  
ed gratis, you know." CUI

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